

A poore vnminde'd Outlaw sneaking home,
 My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
 He came but to the Duke of *Lancaster*,
 To sue his livery and beg his peace,
 With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale:
 My father in kind heart and pity mou'd;
 Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
 Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in Boroughs, Citie's, Villages,
 Attend him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
 Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,
 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
 He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
 Steps me a little higher then his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poore;
 Vpon the naked shore at *Rauesburgh*,
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
 Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees
 That lay too heauy on the common weaith,
 Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
 Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
 This seeming brow of Iustice, did he winne
 The hearts of all that he did angle for;
 Proceeded further, cut mee off the heads
 Of all the fauourites that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personall in the *Irish* warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the poynt.

In short time after, hee depos'd the King,
 Soone after that, depriu'd him his life,
 And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
 To make that worse, suffered hit kinsman March,
 Who is, if euery owaer were plac'd,

Indee'de

Indee'd his King, to bee ingag'd in Warre
 There without ransom to lie forfeild
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
 Sought to intrap mee by intelligenc
 Rated my Vncle from the Councell
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the
 Broke oth on oth, committed wrong
 And in conclusion, droue vs to seek
 This head of safety, and withall to p
 Into his title, the which we finde
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer

Hot. Not so, *Sir Walter*. Weele with
 Goe to the King, and let there be im
 Some surety for the safe returne aga
 And in the morning early shall my
 Bring him our purpose, and so fare

Blunt. I would you would accept o

Hot. And 't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and

Arch. Hy, good *Sir Michael*, beare th
 With winged haste to the Lord *Ad*
 This to my cousin *Scroope*, and all th
 To whom they are directed. If you
 How much they do import, you wo

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gesse the

Arch. Like enough you doe,

To morrow, good *Sir Michael*, is a
 Wherein, the fortune of ten thousa
 Must bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Sh*
 As I am truly giuen to vnderstand
 The King with mighty and quicke
 Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I fear
 What with the sicknesse of *North*
 Whose power was in the first prop
 And what *Owen Glendower's* absenc
 Who with them was rated firmly